

Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hoispar Mars* in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprizes,
D' scomfited great *Douglas*, tane him once;
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy, Northumberland,*
The Archbishops Grace of *York, Douglas, Mortimer,*
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.

But, wherefore doe I tell these newes to thee?

Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my neereft and dearest enemy?

That thou art like enough through vassall feare,

Base inclination, and the start of spleene,

To fight against me vnder *Percies* pay,

To dog his heeles, and curtzie at his rownes,

To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so; your shall not finde it so,

And God forgieue them; that so much haue I waide

Your Maiesties good thoughts away from mee;

I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head;

And in the closing of some glorious day

Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,

When I will weare a garment all of blood,

And staine my fauours in a bloody maske,

Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.

And that shall be the day, when ere it lights,

That this same childe of honour and renowne,

This gallant *Hoispar*, this al-praised Knight,

And your vntought of *Harry* chance to meete,

For euery honour sitting on his helme,

Would they were multitudes, and on my head

My shame redoubled. For the time will come,

That I shall make this Northren youth exchange

His glorious deeds for my indignities.

Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,

To engrosse my glorious deeds on my behalfe.

And

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And I will call him to so strict account

That hee shall render euery glory

Yea, even the slightest worship of

Or I will teare the reckoning from

This in the name of God I promise

The which if he be pleas'd, I shall

I do beseech your Maiestie may

The long growne wounds of my

If not, the end of life cancels all

And I will dye an hundred thousand

Ere breake the smallest parcell of

King. A hundred thousand rebel

Thou shalt haue charge, and souerain

How now, good *Blunt*? thy looks

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the busines that

Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath

That *Douglas* and the *English* rebel

The eleuenth of this moneth, at *Shrewsbury*

A mighty and a fearefull head they

(If promises bee kept on euery hand)

As euer offered foule play in a State

King. The Earle of *Westmerland*

With him my sonne Lord *John* of

For this aduertisement is five dayes

On Wednesday next, *Harry*, thou

On Thursday, we our selues will

Is *Bridgenorth*, and, *Harry*, you shall

Through *Gloster-shire*, by which

Our busines valued some twelue dayes

Our generall forces at *Bridgenorth*

Our hands are full of busines, let's

Aduantagge feedes him fat, while

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll. am I not fallen away

doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle

me like an o'd *Laines* loose gowne.

apple John. Well, Ile repent, and

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